DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

SPONGE PUFFS.—Have ready some very hot lard, as for boiling doughnuts, and drop into it from a spoon some bread sponge before any more flour is added, and when it is perfectly light. Let them get brown and well cooked through, and pull open and eat with butter for breakfast.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Common sour pudding sauce can be pleasantly flavored by adding half a cup of stoned or chopped raisins. When the hot water is poured over the butter, sugar and flour, put the raisins in; let them come to a boil in it. Well-washed English currants or dried cherries can be substituted for raisins.

LEMON PIE.—One large lemon, the yellow grated, and all the pulp and juice used; one cup sugar, one-half cup water and two large even spoonfuls of flour. Beat the whites of eggs separately, with sugar added, then the yelks well beaten and the flour gradually. Bake the crust a little before putting the rest in. Bake brown.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Cut the cabbage in small pieces and boil till tender in salt and water. When cold chop it finely, add two beaten eggs, a little butter, pepper and salt, if it needs it, and two table-spoonfuls of cream. Stir all vigorously, bake in a buttered pudding dish till it is brown on the top. Serve hot.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and cut fine six oranges; sprinkle a very little sugar over them; make a steamed custard of one pint of milk, one table-spoonful of corn starch, the yelks of three eggs, one-half cup sugar and pinch of salt; when cool pour over the oranges. Beat the whites to a froth, adding a table-spoonful pulverized sugar, pour over the custard and then set in the oven five minutes to brown. To be eaten cold.

SOUTHERN FRUIT CAKE.—Six eggs, beaten separately, seven cups of flour, three and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of buttermilk, one and one-half cups of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, one teaspoonful of coriander seed, two nutmegs, grated, one pound of raisins, one-half pound of currants, one pound of figs, dried, one pound of dates, one pound of prunes, one-half pound of citron, one-third pound of candied orange peel, grated rind of two lemons and juice of one, one tumbler of brandy.

PARSNIPS.—Wash well; scrape them, and cut in two or four pieces lengthwise; boil in water with a little salt in it until tender, which will be in from one-half to three-quarters of an hour; when quite done dish up in a warm dish, with melted butter poured over them, or warm butter with a little minced parsley in it; or mash the parsnips and form into small cakes, roll in flour, or dip in egg or bread-crumbs and fry a light brown; send to the table very hot. You can also brown the parsnips sliced rather thick.

ICE-CREAM CANDY.—Take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of water, and add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream tartar dissolved in a teaspoonful of boiling water. Put into a porcelain kettle, and boil it ten minutes without stirring it. Drop a few drops into a saucer of cold water, or on snow. If it is brittle it is done; if not, boil till it is. Add a piece of butter half as large as an egg while it is on the fire, and stir it in. Pour into a buttered tin, and set on ice or snow to cool enough to pull it white. Flavor with vanilla just before cool enough to pull. Work into strand, and cut into sticks.

DRINKING WATER.

No sensible person need be told that pure water is as essential to good health as pure air, and we can not be too careful of that part of this most necessary article of domestic economy to be used in cooking and for drinking. Water has an immense absorbing capacity, and the colder it is the greater the facility with which it takes up impure gases. An open vessel of water will render the air of a room purer, but the water itself will, in a few hours, be rendered totally unfit for use by reason of the fact that most all the carbonic-acid gas and ammonia, the result of respired gases, is taken up by it. Hence, water for cooking or drinking should, if kept inside, be in tightly-covered vessels. Where well or cistern water is used the better plan is to keep the drinking pail on the outside.

Certain it is that no prudent housewife, knowing these facts, will use water that has stood uncovered, for any length of time, in an occupied room. When studying cleanliness and ventilation do not forget the important adjunct to comfort and health—pure water.

GROUND AIR.

"Ground air," or the air in the soil, has a considerable influence on health. Dr. Pettenkofer believes that the porosity of the ground on which we live is so great that "heavy, towering buildings often stand on a soil which is filled to the extent of a third of its volume with air. This air contains more carbonic acid than that of our atmosphere, as well as deleterious exhalations." When a house is heated to any extent it becomes a draught-flue, and draws such air out from the ground as if it were a cupping-glass.—*Progress.*

PROGRESS IN SWINE MANAGEMENT.

It is useless for farmers to sit still and want some one to discover a cure for hog cholera. They must help themselves, and make every effort to secure the best results. There are some practical difficulties in the way of general improvement in swine in Iowa, for which the farmer is alone responsible.

Suitable yards and pens for their protection, range and division must be provided before substantial progress can be expected in swine raising. It is true there has been some advance from the old rail pen, but it is a surprise to note that most farmers appear to be satisfied with a single pasture, and, if it includes wood-land and a creek, it is considered perfection. No animals suffer more from exposure than swine; they are extremely sensitive to both heat and cold; therefore, however simple and inexpensive the buildings for protection, they should be dry and warm, and of sufficient size to divide the swine into compartments for breeding and sanitary purposes. One of the things to be avoided is crowding the swine into limited space, occasioning filth in the summer and piling up in the winter.

The plan should be to scatter the swine except at feeding time. A farmer in Eastern New York has a very good arrangement for store and fattening hogs. On a side hill, well wooded and sloping to the south, he constructed quite a number of small, snug and dry sleeping places—they were only large enough for five or six hogs—they were built at intervals of several rods and were regularly cleaned and bedded. There was a central building for feeding. The breeding pens were in another lot. If a large number of hogs are confined in a small pasture, the entire surface after a while becomes saturated with filth and infected with poison; this is sufficient argument for range without urging that of healthful food.

It is well established among practical and progressive swine breeders that there should be maintained at least three divisions of swine.

1. Sows and pigs in such small divisions as will insure the best results, and after weaning the pigs, until they weigh at least 100 pounds.
2. Store nogs and sows for breeding.
3. The fattening hogs.

The second item of change must be in the food. Perhaps the radical change should be less in the food than in the proportion it is fed. Corn is healthy enough when given in moderate quantities; wheat is considered a healthy food, but hogs can be injured upon that as readily as upon corn.

The hog has an appetite beyond his capacity to digest, and so long as that is the case he must not be given full rations of concentrated food till he is within a few weeks of the pork barrel. The English method of raising pork on roots and meal is one of health; the New England plan of feeding apples, boiled potatoes, house slops and milk, with a little corn meal, gave a hardy breed of porkers; the entire system of raising pigs on clear corn, whether tried in the West or in Europe, is a failure. Shall we try some other plan? There are two practical methods. First, in case the farmer has no roots nor pasture he can grind his corn and mix with it wheat bran. Half bran and half corn meal by bulk make a good mixture for all kinds of stock.

For pigs add a little salt and oil meal, for pigs under one hundred pounds use some milk; older than this water will do. 2. The purchase of large quantities of wheat bran is expensive for the general farmer; corn and clover are the profitable crops to be fed. In such cases the cheap food to go with the corn is sugar beets in the winter and clover in the summer. No food can be raised on the farm that will answer a better purpose than sugar beets for the main dependence of store hogs during the winter, and with suitable machinery and some knowledge few crops can be produced at greater profit. They have been raised and stored as low as 2 cents per bushel, which is cheaper than corn. It is believed that careful attention to the food and management of swine will go far toward maintaining health and increasing the vigor in the swine herd.—*Prof. S. A. Knapp, in the Western Farm Journal.*

HOW TO SET MILK.

This is a subject upon which creameries and farmers cannot be too well informed, and it is best to know the character and objects of those giving advice. Mr. C. C. Buel, of Rock Falls, Ill., a well-known and successful man, favors the Swartz system of cream raising in this:

"The milk is put warm in deep vessels in cold water with good ventilation. This will produce the best butter. If we adopt the Cooley system the whole must be submerged, and without ventilation. He favored setting with ventilation as especially adapted to the plan of selling the cream. All farmers have some means of cooling. Let this milk set twelve hours and you get butter as good as the best, if the fixtures are all kept sweet and clean. The difficulty is that farmers have not the necessary appliances. If, after the milk is thoroughly cooled, the vessels are covered all right, there is no longer necessity for ventilation, after the animal odor is carried off during cooling. Thus he thinks the cream can be as perfectly saved as in any other way, and the cream is then easily transported, if it be wished to sell it; and, no light matter, the farmer has sweet milk for use or for feeding sweet to calves and hogs. The temperature required is from 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Thus 11.3 cubic inches of cream should give a pound of butter. As a rule, set in the regulation can, an inch of cream will give a pound of butter."

RAISING AMBER AND ORANGE CANE.

J. D. Stine, of New Madrid county, Mo., raises cane as follows:

I try to get my land ready for planting by the 15th or 20th of April. Then I put my crop of cane in the same as I do my cotton crop, by ridging up the land with a turning plow, and putting four furrows together in one row and making these rows three feet apart. I then take a small shovel plow and mark the ridges, making a furrow with a small plow on the ridges. A hand follows, dropping the seed eighteen inches apart. I then cover the seed with a leveler, and this leaves the ridges leveled. About the time the cane begins to come out of the ground I take a side-harrow (the same as we use in our cotton) and side-harrow the rows. After I get this work done, I let it stand a week. Then I go into it with a cotton-scraper and scrape each side of the row very close, so as to let the cane stand on a four-inch space. Two hands follow behind with hoes, and hoe the cane to a stand, leaving five stalks to the hill. After this working is done, I go over it again, putting a hill to the cane with shovel-plows. After I go over it this time I let it stand eight or nine days. At the end of that time I go over it again with turning-plows, and put a hill to the cane and lay it by. I think it a very easy crop to manage.

BARN-YARD MANURE.

It is estimated from careful experiments that about one-half of the dry matter in food consumed by animals passes into the manure, and that if the liquid manure is all saved and added to it the value is nearly doubled. Ordinary barn-yard manure has about four times the weight of half the dry matter of the feed used, and by this can be estimated the amount produced from each animal on the farm. The richer the feed the better manure, so that there is more than one way in which high feeding pays. The solid portion of manure contains organic matter, phosphoric acid and lime; while the liquid portion contains nearly all the nitrogen and potash. To make a perfect fertilizer all must be saved.

A CRUISE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

We had been sailing about the entrance of Baffin's bay for fourteen days, in fearful storms. The rigging was stiff with ice, the sides of the vessel were covered with great shining plates. The sailors were half frozen, and we could not move a rope through a block without pouring hot water upon it. We had but little daylight on account of the thick fog, and the long nights were still more dreadful when the ship rose over the huge black waves and sank down again into the abyss, so that every moment we expected to be shattered to pieces on the masses of ice which the storm drove over the roaring sea, and which seemed to be sent for our destruction.

One morning, near the end of the storm, after a fresh fall of snow, an iceberg 500 feet high approached us with fearful rapidity. Already it was close to us when the cry arose, "It turns!" On it came, its tottering top bending over our ship. Our fate seemed settled! We were lost! The whole of the gigantic mass was falling over us and must shatter us to pieces. We all fell upon our knees and prayed in silence, thinking every moment would be our last. The iceberg was already half way over us, when, to our joy and thankfulness, it turned aside, and a moment after fell into the sea a few yards behind the stern of our ship, hurling the water over the tops of the masts, and blinding us for a time with the icy drops which splashed over our faces. For a minute the waves were checked in their course, the sea seemed to boil, the ship rocked and plunged, the sails flapped against the masts and scattered about the ice with which they had been covered. Then the sun broke suddenly through the clouds, and with his rosy tint shed on the snow we saw, to our delight, within a short distance from the ship, the land spread out before us, which promised rest and safety to the weary mariners.—*Chatterbox.*

A FEW days ago a little child gave expression to an old story in the following terse manner: It seems that the little fellow had discovered a bee crawling up his hand. Finally, the bee stopped for a moment, and after remaining stationary for an instant stung the little fellow. When the cry of pain was over the little child said: o his mamma that he didn't care about the bee's walking about on him, but he didn't like his sitting down on him.—*Dayton Journal.*

PROFESSOR in psychology—"Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student (thoughtfully)—"Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus."

FREAKS OF JURIES.

Shiel, in his inimitable sketches of the Irish bar, tells of the verdict of a Clare jury, in a case of "felonious gallantry." They acquitted the prisoner of the capital charge, but found him guilty of "a great undecency." R. Shelton Mackenzie, in his notes to Shiel's text, says: "This is nothing to the verdict of a Welsh jury: 'Not guilty—but we recommend him not to do it again.'" Mackenzie also relates that an English jury, not very bright, having a prisoner before them charged with burglary, and, being unwilling to convict him capitally, as no personal violence accompanied the robbery, gave the safe verdict: "Guilty of getting out of the window." He adds that the most original was that of an Irish jury before whom a prisoner pleaded guilty, throwing himself on the mercy of the court. The verdict was: "Not guilty." The Judge, in surprise, exclaimed: "Why, he has confessed his crime!" The foreman responded: "Ah, my Lord, you do not know that fellow, but we do. He is the most-notorious liar in the whole country, and no twelve men who know his character can believe a word that he says." And, as the jurors adhered to their verdict, the "liar" escaped.

J. W. Edmunds reported to the Albany *Law Journal* of June 18, 1870, a murder trial, which took place in New York city, and in which he appeared for the accused some thirty years before by appointment of the court. The defendant was a young woman who, leaving poor parents in New Jersey, went to New York city, and obtained a place as waiter in restaurant. She met and married a young butcher boy, but kept at work until her pregnancy compelled her to desist, when she went to her parental home to be confined. When she returned to her husband's lodgings in New York city, she found them vacant and her own effects packed off. It was a case of heartless desertion. She discovered him at a slaughter-house talking to a woman, who wore at the moment what she recognized as her, the defendant's, best dress, which she had bought with her own earnings before marriage. He refused to talk with her. The next morning he was seen to take a proffered cake from the hands of a young woman, divide it with some companions, and in a few hours was dead, his companions being taken very sick, but surviving. The police, investigating the matter, found that the deceased had three wives, or rather three women who supposed themselves his wives. All three were arrested, but two were speedily released, as our heroine admitted that she had done the business. The case for the defense was weak, but after only a few minutes' absence the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner's counsel asked one of the jurors on what ground she was acquitted. "It served him right," was the answer.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason, unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down East.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that, of fifty persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or church notice, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or sword, and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business consideration require him to lend his pencil scores of times a day. And often, after it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman whose breath smelled of onions and whisky. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bull-dog.

Then a sweet-looking young lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Faber pencils, but he was too late.

And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations, and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanliness. But we forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever again wet a pencil.—*Louisville Commercial.*

"THE maids of Athens are not handsome," says a recent writer; "they have large, heavy faces, dark hair and eyes, and pale complexions."

A GIRL OF 1782.

Latin and Poetry Studied While the Student Was Harnessed in an Iron Collar.

[From Harper's Young People.]

One hundred years ago a little girl named Mary Butt was living with her parents at the pretty rectory of Stanford-on-the-Terne, in England. She was a bright and beautiful child, and when she grew up she became Mrs. Sherwood, the writer of a great many charming stories for young people. But nothing that she wrote is so entertaining as the story of her childhood, which when she was an old lady, she told to please her grandchildren. I wonder how the girls who read this paper would endure the discipline little Mary submitted to so patiently in 1782. From the time she was 6 until she was 13 she wore every day an iron collar around her neck and a backboard strapped tightly over her shoulders. This was to make her perfectly straight. Perhaps you may have seen here and there a very stately old lady who never was known to lean back in her chair, but who always held herself as erect as a soldier on duty. If so, she was taught, you may be sure, to carry herself in that manner when she was a little girl. Poor Mary's collar was put on in the morning and was not taken off until dark, and, worse than that, she says: "I generally did all my lessons standing in stocks, with the collar around my neck. I never sat on a chair in my mother's presence."

Her brother and herself were great readers, but you can count on the fingers of one hand all the books they had to read. "Robinson Crusoe," two sets of "Fairy Tales," "The Little Female Academy," and "Æsop's Fables" formed the entire juvenile library. They used to take "Robinson Crusoe" and seat themselves at the bottom of the wide staircase, the two heads bent over the pages together. Whenever they turned a leaf they ascended a step, until they began to go down again. Little Martin was not very perserving with his Latin, so, although it was not the fashion for girls, Mary's mother decided that she should begin the study in order to encourage him. The sister soon distanced the brother, and before she was 15 her regular task of a morning was fifty lines of Virgil, translated as she stood in the stocks.

You will ask what sort of dress this little girl was allowed to wear 100 years ago. In summer she had cambric and in winter linsey-woolsey or stuff gowns, with a simple white muslin for best. Her mother always insisted on a pinafore, which was a great loose apron worn over everything else and enveloping her from head to feet. It is quite refreshing to find that neither the backboard nor the Latin took from the child a love of play or of dolls. He special pet was a huge wooden doll, which she carried to the woods with her, tied by a string to the waist, after the grown people had decided that she was too big to care for dolls. A friend presented her one day with a fine gauze cap, and this was the only ornament she ever possessed as a child. I think the little girls who compare 1882 with 1782 must be thankful that they were not born in the last century. Yet little Mary Butt was a very happy child, spending, when permitted, hours of great delight in the woods and groves and listening eagerly to the talk of the learned and traveled visitors who came to Stanford rectory.

SHE WAS SUPPLIED.

A lady book agent entered the sitting room of a Milwaukee boarding house and addressing the lady present said:

"I would like you to look at a work of English art I have here—an entirely new idea in the way of artistic literature, and the only work of the kind yet produced that commends itself at once to the very best class of people. I have only been introducing it a short time, and have met with most excellent success, especially among prominent people, whose cultivated tastes at once appreciate its excellent character."

"Ah, indeed," said the lady, "what is it like?"

"The illustrations are nearly all from the most notable objects of interest in London and England—the finest steel engravings, and very many of them from costly paintings by the most eminent artists. Here is Westminster Abbey, the tomb of Shakspeare, Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, a large number of landscape and statuary views from Regent's Park, London bridge, Euston station, the Four Courts—"

"Very beautiful—and how does it come?"

"In twenty-six parts, only 50 cents a part, and one part each month, thus giving even the poorest an opportunity to acquire the magnificent volume which is a whole library in itself. Shall I have your name?"—handing the subscription book to the lady.

"Well, no. You see I'm a book canvasser myself, and I only inquired in order to hear what you would say and see if your smile was any better than mine."

The subject was at once changed, and in the succeeding conversation, which was of a lively and chatty nature, the book was not once referred to.—*Peck's Sun.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

While we were pondering over divers and sundry weighty matters in our editorial boudoir, our reverie was suddenly knocked galley west by the entrance of a remarkably ill-looking, dirty and aromatic mortal with face unshaven, hair unkempt, and a vindictive glimmer in his rheumy eyes. Stopping in front of the divan upon which our Godlike form reclined, he turned his poll and spit at a cuspidor standing about six feet away, missing it by an overwhelming majority and completely submerging one of the artificial daisies that decorated the carpet. Then, as he scratched his head energetically, he queried: "Be you the chump what writes up the p'lice news?" In the dulcet tones peculiar to us we answered that we were the person who did that work, but were not a chump, if we had the gilt-edged felicity of knowing anything about it.

"Well, you be a star chump," he answered, as he expectorated full at one of our elfin slippers that rested in a corner, hitting the pretty green rabbit on he slipper and changing its color with a rapidity that would have astonished the most fickle chameleon. "Yes, you betcher sweet life you are a chumper, you're n. g.—no earthly use. You're a buttermilk face guy, and was picked before the sun had a chance to shine on you," he continued. Then he discharged another mouthful of tobacco juice, this time at a statue of Venus, hitting it fairly in the sinister ear, and little saffron-colored rivulets commenced playing tag down that side of the divine shape. It looked very much as if the goddess of love had the running earache. We mildly insinuated that we were not a hog; we knew when we had enough—even of tobacco juice. We also asked him what he meant by addressing such harsh names to us.

"Well," he replied, as he removed the quid of tobacco from his mouth and fired it at a bust of Lincoln that rested on the bookcase, hitting it square in the mouth, "I'll tell you what makes me so hot. My name is John C. R. Wiley. About two weeks ago I was pulled up and sent to jail for bein' a tramp. That are all right. Nex' day this jammed paper gev my name as John Williams. That are not all right, and such flowery breaks with my name I'll kick against. I want my name in the paper correck. It looks considerable to this here chicken as if you are a chump, or else you fellers has put up a racket on me wich I won't stand. And you had better tie a nice little piece of yaller yarn around your finger so as you won't fur-get it."

We felt very much relieved after finding out the cause of his wrath, and told him that it was a mistake on our part, and we would rectify it in the next issue of the paper.

"Well, you'd better," he replied, "if you don't, I'll make the babies in this block whine. Please recolleck that this bluejay have chanted his most elegantest hymn." Then, after filling his coat pockets with oranges and grapes from the fruit dish on the table, and blowing his nose on the carpet, he glided out.

When his silvery footsteps had ceased to echo through our marble halls we glanced around us, and came to the conclusion that there was a good deal more in a name than we had ever dreamed of in our sapience, and we firmly resolved to bear it in mind hereafter.—*Exchange.*

POROSITY OF MATTER.

That granite is porous is shown by placing a piece of it in a vessel of water under the receiver of an air-pump and removing the air. Little bubbles will soon be seen rising through the water. These bubbles are the air contained in the invisible pores of the granite. A piece of iron is made smaller by hammering. This proves its porosity. Its particles could not be brought into closer contact if there were no interstices between them. An experiment performed some years ago at Florence, Italy, to ascertain whether water could be compressed, proved that gold is porous. A violent pressure was brought to bear on a hollow sphere of gold filled with water. The water made its way through the gold and appeared on the outside of the sphere. Water will thus pass through pores not more than one-half of the millionth of an inch in diameter.

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Many a bustling, successful business man would delight in living simply in some quiet country village on one-tenth the money he now spends, and without a hundredth part of the worry that is now shortening his life and making him the dullest company at home. But what would his wife say? Many a plain, quiet little woman is utterly tired of the ceaseless labor of trying to make as effective an impression as her richer and handsomer acquaintances. But what would her husband say?—*New York Herald.*

HARVARD COLLEGE proper has been living beyond its income for four years to the average amount of $12,500 a year. The deficit for 1880-81, amounting to $34,469.19, is the largest the college has ever incurred.

DEVOTE each day to the object when in time, and the evening will find something done.